

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

[JUNE 7, 1896.]



AMONG THE LILIES.

Do not ask if a man has been through college. Ask if a college has been through him; if he is a walking university.

CHAPIN.

TWO LITTLE ROSES.

ONE merry summer day
Two roses were at play;
All at once they took a notion
They would like to run away!
Queer little roses,
Funny little roses,
To want to run away!

They stole along my fence,
They clambered up my wall,
They climbed into my window
To make a morning call!
Queer little roses,
Funny little roses,
To make a morning call!

JULIA P. BALLARD.

For Every Other Sunday.

SOME TRUE ANECDOTES OF SIGHTSEERS.

BY C. J. CUSHING.

AMONG the crowds that flock to places of interest, widely differing classes are represented; and these people usually become so engrossed with their own impressions as to display, unconsciously, many characteristics and peculiarities fully as interesting to observe as the exhibitions themselves.

Experienced sightseers attract but little attention; others, on the contrary, are conspicuous in proportion to their ignorance, poor taste, or self-conceit. A young man, in referring to the "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, expressed a patronizing contempt for the Spanish artist, classing him as one of "those Italian painters." Again, a group of women, in Dresden, passed severe criticism upon the "Sistine Madonna," including disapproval of the figures of the two saints, the cherub faces on the background, and even the position and expression of the Mother and Child.

Far different from this is the naïve ignorance which seeks for enlightenment. On her first visit to Boston, a Western woman, who had never before seen Japanese ivy, asked, "What is the green vine growing on the walls of the churches and houses? Is it trailing arbutus?" Such people usually show a childlike belief in the knowledge of every one else, and a real gratitude for information.

Some travellers put entire faith in their guides, without even trying to think for themselves. An American girl, belonging to a tourist party, said, in Paris: "We've been to the Bon Marché and the Louvre; is there anything else to see but Napoleon's tomb?" And the person in charge, omitting any mention of museums or churches, answered that they would visit the Gobelins, the manufactory of tapestry. Most sensible people, in going through a foreign country, place much reliance on a good guide-book, though few carry it as far as did a certain German, who would not look at a painting unless it was marked with a star of approval in his Baedeker.

The ignorant, when unaided, often form very obvious conclusions, which they express in a concise and exact form. That they regard objects of art and of curiosity in a simple and practical way, is shown by their comments. In a small museum, in a little town in the south of France, two middle-aged men, of the peasant class, were one day standing before a mummy-case enclosed in glass. One put his hands on his knees, and thus stooping over, walked slowly all round the case, peering down at the swathed body. Finally he nudged his companion, and nodding towards the Egyptian, said in the tone of one who has come to a satisfactory solution of a puzzling matter: "It is very dry."

In the Boston Art Museum, a woman looking at a cast of the large Innsbruck statue of King Arthur was heard to exclaim, in a penetrating voice: "Well, he's above the usual size, I guess." While another, passing the plaster effigy of a church dignitary, remarked to a friend: "Just look at the wrinkles on his forehead!"

It does not seem strange that uneducated people should mistake a plaster cast for a marble statue; but far less reasonable errors are sometimes made by those supposed to have learned ordinary well-known facts. The extensive and varied ignorance occasionally displayed by these sightseers is astonishing.

Not long ago a Swiss priest stood in the Hôtel des Invalides, looking down with a puzzled expression at Napoleon's red sarcophagus. Turning to a bystander, he enquired: "Whose tomb is that?" and on being told, crossed himself.

In the following instance it is not clear whether the youth's power of reasoning, his general information, or his acquaintance with the Bible, was the most limited: An American, visiting the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, was asked by a young compatriot to explain the works of art to him. The elder man pointed out the different subjects, among them a Magdalen. Presently, as they walked along, they came to another Magdalen, and after a time, to a third. Here the younger man stopped, and retraced his steps, to look again at these three paintings. When he returned, he asked: "Did you say that this is a picture of Mary Magdalen?"

"Yes."

"And the one beyond? And the other, down at the farther end?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "I've examined them all very carefully, and I can't detect the resemblance."

A Virginian, who was visiting the seashore for the first time, offered a unique suggestion. While out sailing one afternoon, his fastidious taste was offended by the sight of the seaweed, which the low tide had left exposed on the rocks.

"Can't they cover up that brown stuff?" he asked, with a gentle drawl. "They might plant Virginia creepers over it."

The era of Christianity, — peace, brotherhood, the Golden Rule as applied to governmental matters — is yet to come, and when it comes, then, and then only, will the future of nations be sure.

KOSSUTH.

All die who have lived; all have not lived who die!

ZIMMERMANN.

THE MEADOW BROOK.

I TURN no mill; no lake I fill;
No white sail flutters on my breast;
I show no grace of naiad's face,
Whose soft, warm foot my sands has pressed.
From one small spring pure draughts I bring,
And tiptoe through the thirsty land,
Cup-bearer I where brown wrens fly,
And violets hide on either hand.

In untaught song I flow along,
Nor seek to utter that deep word
The ocean spoke when first it woke,
And all creation paused and heard.
God's hand hath bound its own true sound
To every string he plays upon;
His listening ear hears, soft and clear,
The music of my whispered tone.

When golden-rod and asters nod,
And grasses edge my narrow stream;
When swallows dip and orioles sip,
My shining waters slip and gleam.
Some little need in flower or weed
To me alone in trust is given;
And knoll and tree leaves space for me
To mirror forth a strip of heaven.

St. Nicholas.

For Every Other Sunday.

NEWS FROM THE BIRDS.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

IF some one would tell me what took possession of a gorgeous little bird blossom on a spring day not long ago, I should be greatly obliged to him. It was early morning, and a bright new song drifted to my ear through the open doors and windows. A warbler's song, no doubt, but what kind of a warbler? You can almost always tell whether a thrill comes from a warbler's throat or not, even if you have never heard the song of that particular species.

Seizing my glass, I stole as softly as possible out upon the street to the maple from which the song came. The singer did not dash away as I feared he would, but bravely stood his ground, and kept on with his vocal rehearsal. Presently he glanced like a living gem into view, and I saw at once that he was the Canadian warbler.

Have you ever seen a bird which wears a necklace? If you ever see a tiny bird with such an adornment swung gracefully around his golden throat, you may depend upon it you have beheld the Canadian warbler, — one of the handsomest species of a large and brilliant family. The necklace is deep black. In the olden books this bird was called the Canada fly-catching warbler, but it is well that scientific men have settled on a shorter name.

The odd thing about my find was that the Canadian warblers are very shy birds. Never before had I seen any of them, save in the thick woods or copses far from human dwellings, and then they were so wary that they dashed out of sight as soon as I came near. Nor did they once lisp a syllable of music in my hearing; no, I do not recall that they ever uttered even a chirp.

But now, on this fair spring morning, this dainty sprite was not only as tame as a bluebird or a robin, but was actually singing in the suburbs of the city right in front of my neighbor's dooryard! And his trill was a very spirited one, often beginning with a saucy *chip*. It was not so sad and sweet as the lay of the black-throated green warbler, nor so melodious as that of Kirtland's warbler, but was lively and cheerful, after the manner of the redstart's song. The Canadian warbler, like most of his relatives, does not remain in my neighborhood through the summer, but hies to Canada and other northern provinces to rear his family.

It was more than a year ago that a bush-sparrow surprised me with two entirely new songs. Indeed,

they were so different from his ordinary strain that I mistook the songster for another bird until I got my glass upon him. Whatever possessed him I cannot say. He is one of my most familiar little friends in feathers. The new songs were heard only in one place at the border of my woodland, and I have reason to believe that they were delivered by only one bird. Bush-sparrows were plenty in other localities, but none of them ever sung those particular tunes.

Both strains were louder and shriller than the bird's well-known ditty. One of them began with a prolonged note quite high in the scale; the other with two prolonged notes, and both closed with a loud, vigorous ringing thrill; but the key and technical arrangement of the closing run were quite different.

After singing these runs for awhile, now one, now the other, the little lyrist would almost invariably tune his instrument to his ordinary trill, as if he did not want to forget it altogether. After repeating it several times, he would resume the new songs. Strangest of all, he frequently repeated these peculiar tunes throughout the entire spring, and even in midsummer.

These performances puzzled me greatly. But a year later, during a natural-history jaunt to Louisiana and other Southern States, I found a little bird called Bachman's sparrow, some of whose sweet songs were very like the songs of my eccentric little bush-sparrow. Would it be going too far to say, that the bush-sparrow might have been associated with Bachman's sparrow, during his stay in the South in the winter, and had learned some of that minstrel's tunes, which he sometimes preferred to his own? I might think that Bachman's sparrow had somehow wandered far out of his own latitude to my neighborhood, but the little songster of my woodland border often trilled as plainly as could be the well-known tune of the bush-sparrow. Besides, I often saw him distinctly, and could not have been mistaken in regard to his identity.

Mr. John Burroughs, the writer on birds, once said that he always sees what he looks for. If he looks for birds' nests, nests he will be sure to find. But it is different with some of the rest of us. The unexpected is always happening. One day I stalked out to the woods to find oven-birds' nests; but not a nest of that species would allow itself to be found, although there were plenty of the birds themselves about. However, I heard a new song by that little boy in blue, the indigo-bird.

He and his little brown mate had a nest of young ones in the bushes somewhere, for when I came near they set up a vigorous to-do, and warned me off the premises. As I walked away, a bird in my rear began to sing in a way that was quite novel. Was it a bush-sparrow or a — a — well, what was it? I turned back to settle the doubt, when the song ceased, and the chirping of the indigos was resumed. Again I started off, and had gone only a short distance, when the quaint new song rose once more on the sunshine-laden air, and there on a dead twig of a small tree perched Master Indigo himself, pouring forth that bewitching trill. I could see his mandibles move and his bonny blue bosom heave.

It was a fine song, quite unlike any indigo-bird's vocal rehearsal I had ever heard, — more tuneful and mellow, more studied in execution, as if the bird were putting thought into it, and less harsh and saucy than the bird's usual ditty. If I were writing for older readers, I should say that the song was more themelike than any indigo's minstrelsy to which I have ever listened.

Pray tell me what it meant. To the right and left other indigo birds were singing, but in the usual way, their strains being loud, rollicking, and half defiant. Only my odd little genius was singing the sweet, swinging song that delighted me so. Half an hour later I was sauntering through the deep woods not far from the same spot, when that song came lilting to my ear through the sylvan shadows.

But how long it takes to tell a simple incident!

There is time only to describe the odd performance of a robin one spring day. It was at the border of a woodland. She—for it must have been a female—would fly to the lower branches of a small oak-tree, and mounting upward along the main trunk, would try to fit her body into the various crotches of the limbs. Having done this in one tree, she flew to the next and did the same: Can you guess her purpose? My opinion is, she was hunting for a nest site, and wanted to select the crotch that would best fit her body.

A year later a robin sampled the crotches of a maple-tree in front of my house in the same manner, but finally chose a site on the other side of the street. By the way, I have seen the female goldfinch fitting her body into the forks of the twigs in a tree of my back-yard. Who will say that birds have no genius?

For Every Other Sunday.

HIS SERVICE.

BY EFFIE N. BLANCHARD.

God said to a birdie one morning,

"Wait here by this bush, on the stile;
There's a service to me you can render,—
Just bide here and tarry awhile."

So the little bird, trustful and happy,
Hopped gayly about by the stile,
Till a man, old and bent with his troubles,
Came trudging his last weary mile.

His face was so careworn and weary,
His steps were so heavy and slow,
That the birdie was moved to compassion:
"I can make him feel better, I know."

So he poured out a song of the morning,
And he trilled, and he quivered with joy,
Till the old man exclaimed, in his gladness:
"Birds sang so when I was a boy."

And his heart it grew lighter within him,
As the warbler delighted his ear;
His eyes followed after the songster,
And he thought, "Ah, yes, God is still here!"

For Every Other Sunday

THE LESSON AUNT LUCY BROUGHT.

BY ELEANOR ROOT.

WELL, great Caesar!—if Aunt Lucy's going to visit us much longer, I want to go visiting," said Paul.

"I don't blame you," answered May. "Yesterday, when the club came over to play tennis, what do you think but—"

"Dinner!" called mamma. A moment later, the children were seated at the table.

"H'm," said Paul, "where is Aunt Lucy?" Just then the old lady entered and took her seat, glancing around the table timidly.

"I don't see what makes Aunt Lucy act so 'meaching,'" thought May. "I can stand it when we're alone, but when we have company, it just looks as though we abused her, and she was in constant dread of some sort of outbreak from some member of the family!"

"I don't need any—I guess I can get along without any—I guess I've eat enough," Aunt Lucy said, reaching out hesitatingly as Paul passed her a dish during the course of the meal. Before the last words were uttered, he had set the dish down on the other side of the table, more energetically than politely. May giggled. A pained look passed over the mother's face, but she said nothing, and the meal proceeded in silence. Aunt Lucy shrank still farther into herself.

"Children," the mother said after dinner, "come into my room and I'll tell you that story I promised you."

"Hurrah!" said Paul, "I'd rather have you tell us a story than play tennis any day."

"O mamma," said May, "can't anything be done? Why will Aunt Lucy persist in doing her washing in driblets instead of letting the washerwoman do it with ours, and then hang out every blessed thing she's got right by the tennis court whenever we have company! I just think it's too bad!"

There was a break in the little girl's voice. The mother smoothed the shining hair. "It is annoying," she said, "but I do not think Aunt Lucy will do it any more. We talked about it this morning."

"And can you get her to keep from escaping with barely an inch of her life every time any one takes her down-town?" demanded Paul. "Just see how she does! I declare I'll never go down-town with her again. The policeman will beckon her to come, and the motor-man will wait, and I'll start ahead and try to drag her, and there she'll stand and absolutely refuse to move; and I'll go back and forth whenever there's an opening, and so we'll keep it up for half an hour, and all the motormen swearing to themselves, I bet!" Paul paused for want of breath.

"Now shall I tell you that story?" the mother said gently, "and we will talk about Aunt Lucy afterward. Once there was born, in an already large family, a little sickly baby. Soon after, both parents died, and the child was brought up by an older, married sister. It was a new country, a living was hard to get, and as time went on the child felt that she was a burden, and that her sister's husband especially could hardly tolerate the incumbrance. Her life was a very hard one, but once it seemed as though it was to be brightened. A good man loved her and wished her for his wife. The wedding-day was fixed, and the lonely, homeless girl seemed transformed with happiness. But it was not to be. Just the day before the wedding her promised husband was killed. It was not known exactly how it happened, but the riderless horse came dashing home, and later, his master's body was found by the roadside!

"It was then that her brother-in-law told her he could no longer give her a home, that she must look to other relatives for support. There were no opportunities then for women to earn a living as now. The only thing that seemed open for them was house-work, and she was too frail to do that. The years passed on. She was tossed from pillar to post, sometimes kindly treated, sometimes indifferently, sometimes cruelly, but always with her was a sense of the burden she was. She used nearly to starve herself to make as little expense as possible, and plan in all ways to keep from making work. In her later years she became childish, and really made a great deal of trouble in her efforts to keep from making trouble,—as when she insisted upon washing her own clothes, instead of putting them in with the rest. The children looked at each other.

"It is Aunt Lucy!" said May.

"Yes, it is Aunt Lucy," replied her mother,—"poor Aunt Lucy! Do you wonder, children, taking everything into consideration, that she is odd, and that she should do things that mortify you sometimes? and that feeling as she has in the past about every mouthful she put into her mouth, she should hesitate when food is passed her now, even when she really wants it? and that, timid, gentle soul, she should be dazed and fearful when she is taken down town and piloted between those flashing electric cars, the first she has ever seen in her life?" The children were silent and sober. Suddenly, Paul burst forth:—

"I'll tell you what, May," he said, "let's shake hands on making this the jolliest winter of Grand-aunt Lucy's life! We'll take her to the beach tomorrow,—you know she's never been, and we were going alone, and we'll treat her like a queen, and make her forget everything!" The boy brushed a tear from his eye.

And so it was that Aunt Lucy went to the beach. And so it was that a different, beautiful world was

suddenly opened before her. Walking by the edge of the waves, picking up the colored shells, and surrounded by an unwonted atmosphere of care and love, she found herself breaking into snatches of song, and laughing like a child. And when the little group went to the seaside inn, and Paul whispered, "Now, Aunt Lucy, May and I are going to eat all we possibly can, for we pay our money, and it costs just as much if we don't eat a thing. How she did eat! Whether it was the bracing, salt air, or whether for the first time she felt entirely free to satisfy her appetite, or both, cannot be known; but true it is that she ate a prodigious amount. And with every mouthful she took Paul affirmed to his mother after he reached home, he felt better and better. And nothing Aunt Lucy did or said that day worried the children. Even when the waiter started to take her soup plate, and she rose from the table and frantically clutched at it, it did not make them miserable.

"Don't hurry my aunt," Paul had said quietly, and the old lady was allowed to finish all the courses in peace and comfort.

"Seraphina, this has been the happiest day of my life for twenty years," Aunt Lucy said when they got home. And as the children went out of the room, she continued, "I felt—why, Seraphina, I felt as if the children just wanted me along!"

"And so they did, dear," was the tender reply.

THE SWALLOWS.

GALLANT and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet round each little throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE THREE WISHES.

(Translated from the German.)

ONCE upon a time there was a farmer's wife who was always wishing for something which she did not have.

One day a queer little old woman walked into the farmer's kitchen.

"It is Christmas Day," said she, "and since you are so unhappy I will make you a present of three wishes. Whatever you wish for you shall have, but think well before you wish." Then the old woman went away.

Now the farmer and his wife began to think what they should wish for, but they could think of nothing quite fine and grand enough. The farmer's wife was putting the supper on the table, and suddenly it seemed to her very unfair that she, who could wish for anything in the world, should have nothing for supper but potatoes.

"If we had only a great sausage for supper!" said she, and at once a great sausage was seen upon the table.

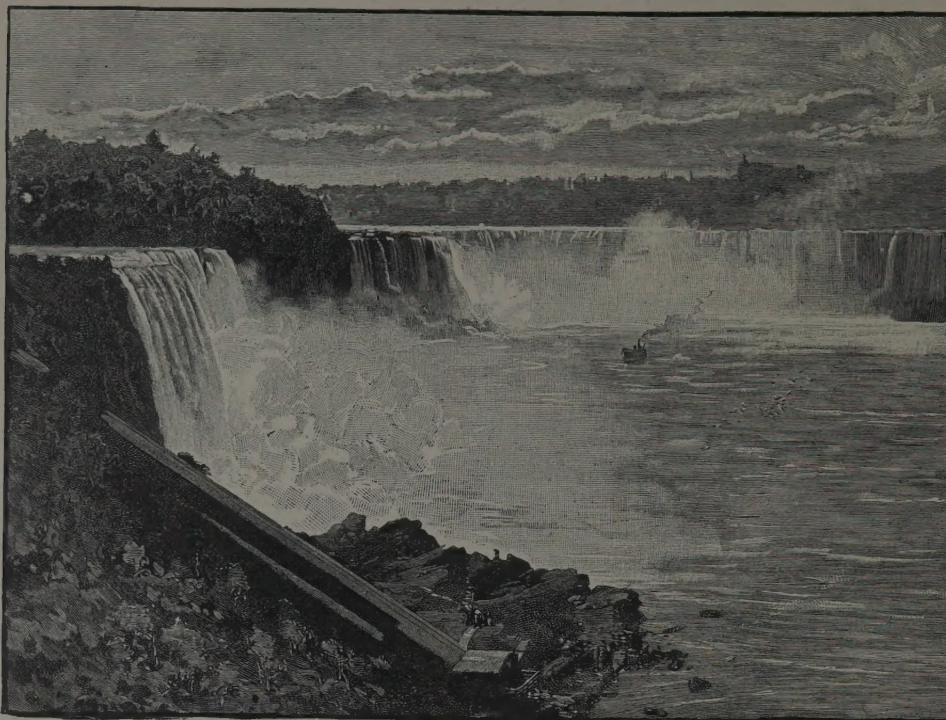
"What a foolish wish!" cried the man. "You might at least have wished us a better supper than this. 'I wish the sausage were hanging on your nose.'"

Immediately the sausage was hanging on the woman's nose, and try as he might the farmer could not pull it off.

Now there was only one wish left, and what could they wish for that would give them any pleasure, if the woman had always to wear a sausage hanging on her nose?

So the farmer wished the sausage off again, and then they looked at each other and laughed for joy.

"Let us be thankful that we have such a good supper," said the farmer's wife.



NIAGARA FALLS.

For Every Other Sunday.

DAN'S FRIEND.

BY HELEN T. WILDER.

THE Broadway cable car filled rapidly as it made its way up-town, and Francis Wayne had moved several times to accommodate newcomers. Now he found himself at the rear end by the window, and he breathed a sigh of relief. Newsboys thrust their heads in at the door calling their papers, and occasionally passed through the car, waiting on a purchaser. Their worn, pale faces, hardened in some instances, might attract any interested person's attention, and might set them thinking about this army of boys soon to be men, and what they would grow to be. Mr. Wayne did not wish any paper. He sat with his arms folded, looking straight before him, thinking; for he had much to think of. The car stopping and some one coming in claimed his attention involuntarily. Then his eye fell on the face and figure of the newsboy who came in also, going to the front of the car calling his "Sun" or "World." It was with a start and a look of pain that he watched him. When he returned, Mr. Wayne almost trembled, yet some fascination held his glance.

"Here, my boy," he said, "a 'Sun'; no matter for the change. What is your name?"

"Dan McCoy, sir," said the boy; "thank you, sir," as he gazed at the shining quarter in his grimy hand and then at the gentleman. And he started to move on.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Wayne, "I want to speak to you."

"But I must sell my papers, sir," said Dan, "and we're past — th Street now."

"No matter," said Mr. Wayne, apparently much moved, "I will buy all of your papers, and pay your fare. Ride with me to — th Street. I want to talk to you. We will get out at — Park. Don't be afraid, my boy. I will tell you why," and Mr. Wayne's voice softened.

Dan looked at him. He was a slender little fellow with a pale face. His hair was unkempt, but curled beneath his torn cap. His eyes were brown, and had big circles under them, betokening lack of sleep.

If he had been bred with west-side care, he would have been a pretty boy of ten. At — Park, Mr. Wayne alighted, followed by Dan, still in a maze, but with his hand hard clasped about the quarter in his pocket. Mr. Wayne led the way to a seat along one of the less frequented walks, and motioned Dan, who stood in bashful wonderment before him, to sit beside him.

"Now, Dan," he then said, "I will tell you why I wanted to talk to you, and what I had to say;" and the man looked at the ragged boy with the saddest of eyes, and stopped. Dan was silent, not knowing what to answer, and looked nervously about, trying to avoid the intense gaze of the stranger.

"Dan," began Mr. Wayne again, "you did not know I had a boy just your size and age until a year ago, and you look — oh! so much as he might have looked if he were a newsboy and were trying to earn his living as you are. But he is gone, now, and can never come back to me. When I saw you on the car, you gave me a start, for you looked tired, and he was tired, — so tired that last week! His eyes were large like yours. I tried to keep him; I would have died for him. All through his short life of ten years nothing was denied him. I spent my life in anticipating his next wish. I thought it the way to make him the happiest. His mother was dead, and I thought of no one's happiness but his. And now — he has gone. I had never thought of other boys before; but now, when I see a little figure like Guy's, I study it carefully, and look at the face to see if it looks as happy as Guy's always did. And I looked twice at you, for you have a look like him. But I miss the happy look. Dan, are n't you happy?"

The boy, through this speech, had been digging his heels nervously into the turf, and now and again glancing up as the earnest confidence poured itself into his unaccustomed ears. He could not have spoken then, but he could answer a question.

"Oh! yes, sir, sometimes," he said.

"Sometimes, not always?"

"No, sir, not when I see hungry along with Suze Jane'n paw. Don't mind for misself so much, for the fellers treat some, but Suze Jane'n paw feels it. It's hard erlong o' Suze Jane."

"And who is Suze Jane?"

"Suze Jane's my sister. She's sick."

"What does your father do?"

"Paw works on the pier."

"Have you a mother?"

Dan did not answer immediately; then choking a little he said, —

"She's gone where your boy is, sir, — she won't never come back to we 'uns;" and the grimy fingers ran over the corner of the papers under his arm.

"O Dan, I am so sorry," said Mr. Wayne, touched more deeply than he could say. Here was a heart that ached too.

"What do you do after you finish up your business for the day?" he went on.

"Home, sir," said Dan, and he stood up a little restlessly, — the change of conversation bringing him back to business. "I must be going."

"But I'm to buy your papers, you know."

"Yes, sir, you said so. 'F I did n't need the money, I'd let it slide, but Suze Jane" —

"Will you let me go home with you, Dan?"

Dan looked at him a moment in surprise, then shook his head. "Don't think you'd better. 'Taint what you 'uns is used ter."

"But supposing I could help Suze Jane. I would like to try. Could I?"

"Oh yes, sir, you won't mind things if you're tryin'."

It was a queer pair who went to find Suze Jane up three flights of the old tenement. But the shabby little bed, with its pale, patient owner, whose brown eyes, like her brother's, were full of love for everybody, did

wonders for the sad man, who thought that all joy had gone from his life. When he could say of his kindnesses, which flooded the home and hearts of the McCoy's, "for Guy's sake," he grew happy again; and the thoughts of his dear boy, once so mournful, grew sweet. He could not lift his new friends out of their old life entirely, but he brought so much into it that to Dan and Suze Jane it scarcely seemed the same existence. And Mr. Wayne felt, too, that he had begun a different life.

A PLUMP LITTLE GIRL AND A THIN LITTLE BIRD.

A PLUMP little girl and a thin little bird

Were out in the meadow together.

"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather!"

"A nice little girl is that," piped he,
"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She has n't a single feather!"

So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one; it has no conscience. Napoleon is the readiest instance of this. If his heart had borne any proportion to his brain, he had been one of the greatest men in all history.

LOWELL.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.
Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas:
There are none of you glad as I.

INA DONNA COOLBRITH.

For Every Other Sunday.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS.

No. X. — *The Roman Chariot Race.*

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

IT would be impossible to imagine a stronger contrast to the repose of the "Prayer in the Desert" than the picture of wild excitement we have to-day.

The scene of the picture is the Circus Maximus at Rome, in the first century after Christ, when the suspicious and cruel Domitian was emperor.

No name in history calls to mind more dreadful deeds than Domitian's. He condemned to death many distinguished and innocent Romans; he persecuted others, and took delight in witnessing their sufferings. Among his victims was a famous philosopher named Epictetus, whose favorite maxim was, "Suffer and abstain." This great man, with other philosophers, the emperor banished from Rome.

Not only was Domitian's public life disgraceful and wicked, but his amusements were degrading. He liked to go away by himself and spend his time catching flies and piercing them with his bodkin.

It is said, that once when a servant was asked if the emperor was alone, he answered, "No one is with him; not even a fly."

A reign so shameful and cruel naturally came to an inglorious end. Domitian was murdered during a plot of his wife, who had found her name on a list of his victims, and who sought his life to save her own.

Our picture shows us one of the cruel diversions of Domitian. During his reign he caused a terrible persecution against Christians.

In the picture the drivers of the four-horse chariots are Christian slaves, who are striving for life and for freedom, that being the prize offered to the one who wins.

The Circus Maximus, where the race takes place, was a large, roofless structure, called "circus" because such buildings were originally circular in form. It was not only used for races, but for athletic contests and the combats of wild animals. It was over one thousand feet long and over six hundred feet wide. At one end were seats for spectators; at the other end were probably covered stalls where the horses and chariots remained until the gates that shut them in were opened and the race began.

The Circus Maximus was chiefly designed for races, as the Romans delighted in them, and offered large rewards to those taking part, — often pecuniary rewards; sometimes, as in this case, life and freedom.

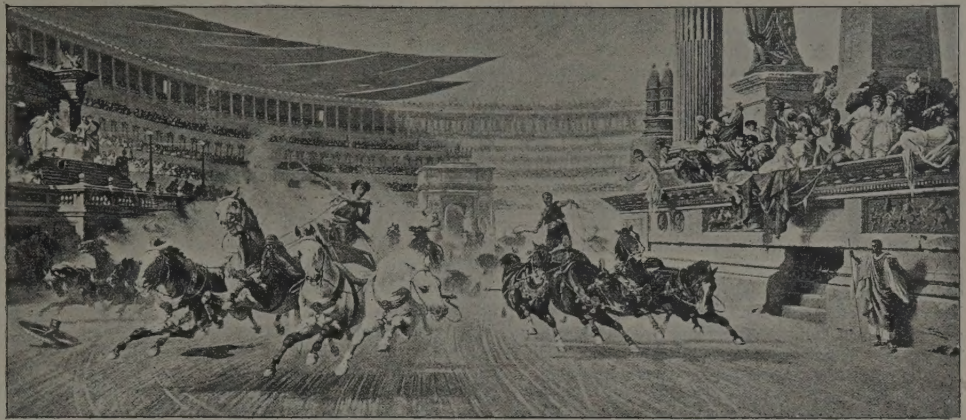
In our picture the race is nearly at an end; the victor, who is driving gray horses, has nearly reached the goal when he hears the bay horses close behind him, and thinks for a moment he has lost the prize.

"The Chariot Race," on which the fame of the artist chiefly rests, was painted for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, at the order of Messrs. Kirchner and Company of New York. It won a medal at Philadelphia. The original sketch also won a medal at Vienna.

This picture suggests a painful painting of the Circus Maximus by a French artist, Jean Léon Gérôme, which also carries us back to the terrible days of Christian martyrdom.

These pictures should make us thankful for the blessings of our own free country and the happier age in which we live. They suggest the cruel sufferings the poor Armenians are even now enduring for their allegiance to the Christian faith, and should make our hearts tender toward them.

Like the "Prayer in the Desert," "The Chariot



THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE.

Race" has been taken as an illustration for "Ben Hur." My young readers may like to look for the chariot race of that story, and read it with the picture near them, looking for Messala and Ben Hur among the racers, for Esther and Iras among the spectators. The picture and the story, although not originally designed for each other, lend themselves pleasantly to this use.

Alexander Wagner, who painted "The Roman Chariot Race," is an Hungarian artist, born at Pesth in 1838. He studied at Munich, and became a professor before he was thirty years old. He won fame by his first large painting, "Isabella Zapolya's Farewell to Transylvania," a picture belonging to the Hungarian Academy.

He has painted several pictures of animals, besides the fine horses we have to-day, that have been widely copied, although not as famous as "The Chariot Race." Among these may be mentioned "The Bull Fight in the Roman Arena" and "The Picador."

His aims are high, as he endeavors to show in his work not only physical life, but the life of the soul behind it.

For Every Other Sunday.

AN EQUAL DIVISION OF LABOR.

BY GRACE A. CANNON.

IT had been a clear, cold, invigorating winter's day; but now, in the early twilight of a January afternoon, some white, fleecy clouds were passing overhead, and the crisp, frosty morning had melted into a mild and damp atmosphere. Promises of snow were in the air, and bade fair, for a time at least, to postpone coasting expeditions on old Carson's Hill.

"We'll have one more night of it, anyway," said Bob, casting an anxious look toward the sky, as he walked leisurely out of the school-yard with his comrade that afternoon. "T isn't going to snow before morning," he added, with an air of conviction.

"For my part," replied Fred, a short, stout boy of some fifteen winters, "I'm glad we've got it milder. I'm tired of hearing Nell and the other girls fuss about cold thumbs and fingers. Anybody'd think they did n't have any kind of a time. I believe girls are always fussing about something."

"Not too hard on the girls," put in peaceful Rob, with which parting admonition he left Fred at his own gate near the school, while he himself sallied farther on round the corner to the foot of "the hill."

Rob, Fred, and Richard, joint owners of a fine new double-runner, had asked a party of girls to join them for the evening's sport. This was no uncommon occurrence; but the oyster supper which was to follow, served at Fred's house by his mother, was something of unusual expectation.

"How delightful, girls," said breezy Nell, as the little party were gathered at the foot of the hill that evening, preparing to ascend for at least the sixth time, "to be transported each time to the top of this steep hill without the slightest effort on our own part! It really makes this cold wind easier to bear. I think such chivalry from the boys is deserving of a medal."

"Indeed, Miss Eleanor," put in sarcastic Richard, "it's well to feel we're appreciated."

"Better keep your medals, though, a little while longer," ventured good-natured Rob. "Such gallantry cannot last forever."

"It's my private opinion," finished Fred, "that you'd be a little warmer, and make less fuss about the cold, if you should walk up the hill now and then something after the fashion of your abused brother. I'm going to strike this time, anyway. Might take a hand at pulling yourselves," he added aside to Rich. And both boys gave a chuckle.

The ill-fated words, however, reached Nell's hearing.

"Give me the rope, boys," she said, her face all aglow, and a twinkle in her bright brown eyes.

OLD DAME CRICKET.

Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children of nine.
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps,
And brown little suits so fine

"My children," she said,
"The birds are abed;
Go and make the dark earth glad;
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight,
They chirped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

"Nice children," she said,
"And very well bred;
My darlings have done their best;
Their naps they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest."

Selected.

"There are five of us girls to three of you, anyway. Come on, girls! We'll take our turn now," she added, with an air of proprietorship.

"Think we'd better trust 'em, boys?" queried Fred.

There seemed to be no particular opposition to the scheme. The boys were a little faint-hearted from much tramping, and for that moment their chivalry left them. Nell and the other girls seized the rope, and the boys fell behind. They walked with less fervor after giving up their charge. Perhaps they felt a little remorse in shifting the work on the girls' shoulders. However, their ardor seemed to be dampened, and the girls gained on them considerably. Nell and the others glanced back from time to time, and when about half-way up the hill noticed the boys had stopped, and one of them had evidently met with a slight fall. It appeared to be of no consequence, however, and they trudged on as before; but it afforded time for the girls to gain still more ground, and the boys could hear their far-away talking and laughter in the still night. But they were "only girls," and the boys continued their way with deliberation.

Finally the party ahead reached the top of the hill. Nell, always alert and foremost for fun and merriment, had planned her movements with the others as they were climbing the hill, which was the cause of the laughter the boys had heard far behind.

"Get your places quick, girls," she said, "and be all ready to start. We mustn't lose a minute. May," turning to a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, "help me push off, and be ready for the signal."

Then as the boys had almost gained the hill-top, supposing the girls waiting to be joined by them, Nell sang out in triumphant tones, "All ready!" and in an instant they were gliding down the smooth surface past the group of bewildered boys.

As they swept by in a twinkling, Fred managed to articulate an "Oh-h-h-h!" with a little ring of sarcasm; but otherwise from this cutting exclamation they were silent with astonishment. But they were not long in coming to their senses.

"Got left this time, Fred, old fellow," ventured Rob.

"Never mind," put in Rich; "we'll just wait here as cool as cucumbers till they come back, and then we'll pretend not to mind what has happened."

"I guess we shall be a little cooler than cucumbers," replied injured Fred. "I believe I'd rather draw the old double-runner than wait here in the cold. But you see 'f we don't bring 'em down a peg,"—decidedly nettled that his sister had got the better of him.

In the mean time the girls had reached the foot of Carson's Hill. All had gone well. The somewhat disgusted group at the top watched intently to see their next move, though the tall, arching trees overhead interfered somewhat. All at once the little company far below seemed to disappear.

"Something must have happened," said cautious Bob, after watching the group out of sight. And simultaneously they began to descend.

Nell was intent upon business. When once aroused, she never did anything by halves.

"Come, girls," she said, as they left their seats on the double-runner, "we'll carry this home now, where it belongs. Then we'll go in and have supper, which mother will have waiting for us. Oh, they'll have to come," she assured one of the girls, as some doubt was set forth on the subject, "else they'll get none of mother's delicious oysters. Besides, they'll want to see the next number on our programme. At any rate, it may teach Fred to mind his manners a little another time."

"Seems to me you're a little hard on poor Fred," answered her friend May, as they were nearing Nell's home. "Besides," she explained, with an eye to the future, "we shan't get asked again right away."

"Oh, Fred will recover," ventured a third one of the party. "As for Rob, he never makes much

fuss about anything, and Rich is managed easily enough."

Soon after, the front door of Nell's home was thrust open. After coats, hoods, and mittens were thrown aside, the next move was toward the dining-room.

"Oysters all ready, Marmee?" eagerly inquired Nell, turning toward her mother.

"Why, Nell," cried astonished Mrs. Bates, "where are the boys?"

Oh, they'll be here soon," she answered indifferently.

"Wouldn't it be best to wait for them, Nell, dear?"

"Oh, no, Marmee, please not. We've only planned a little surprise for them."

Mrs. Bates asked no further questions. The girls hurriedly took their places at the hospitable table, and exchanged amused glances. Mrs. Bates had no sooner begun serving the girls than the boys were heard to prance the length of the hall. Rob came first, with an anxious look toward the sitting-room, expecting at the very least a sprained ankle, such was the quiet that reigned. Then a peep through the dining-room door quieted his apprehensions on this subject. Each looked over the other's shoulder.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Rob. "This is almost too much for a fellow."

One glimpse of proceedings was enough to start with, and the astonished boys retired unobserved to a more discreet distance. Finally they mustered enough courage to face the enemy.

"I must say," began Fred, with much gusto, seating himself at the table, and motioning his companions to follow suit, "I never heard of people going to a party and helping themselves before the reception committee had arrived."

"When the committee stop entertaining, the guests usually go home," retorted unabashed Nell. "Besides, you know, ladies are always served first."

"There's nothing like having a sister as a bright and shining example," said Rich.

"Small favors thankfully received," put in Rob, gulping down oysters with apparent satisfaction. "I acknowledge, for one, that Miss Eleanor Bates holds the platform for this evening."

"Second the motion," offered easy-going Rich.

Fred could not hold out longer against such argument. "You'll do, Nell, for a girl," he assented carelessly.

For Every Other Sunday.

MABEL'S STEPMOTHER.

BY ADA RUSSELL.

KATE FLOYD rushed into her mamma's pleasant sitting-room in great excitement, one evening, just after school was dismissed.

"Mamma, can you guess who is coming this evening?" she exclaimed.

Mamma smiled and shook her head.

"Well, it's no one we know; but Mabel Ross is as mad as she can be."

"Indeed? and why?" asked Mrs. Floyd.

"Well, her stepmother is expected at six o'clock;" and Kate looked as though that was a statement not to be ignored.

"Well, and why need that make Mabel so mad?" replied mamma, quietly.

"Why, mamma, just think how I'd feel if I were in her place!"

"I can't imagine just how you would feel, darling, but I really see no reason for Mabel feeling so bad. You are wrong in part of your statement, dear. I knew the second Mrs. Ross very well, when she was a girl; and if she has fulfilled the promise of her childhood, she must be a very lovely woman now."

"O mamma, but a stepmother!" and Kate frowned very decidedly.

"I think I heard some one say that this lady was his first love," mamma said, quietly.

Kate looked very much interested, and waited for mamma to go on talking.

"I think Mabel needs a restraining hand. Little Floyd is spoiled; and Mabel is becoming so pert that papa and I have had serious thoughts of forbidding her to associate with our daughter," went on mamma, gravely.

Kate grew very red, while Brother Will spoke up.

"Mamma, I used to set great store by Mabel Ross, thinking her to be the smartest girl I ever met; but I've changed my opinion of her since I saw her treat poor little Anna Rogers so coldly, when every one knows how devoted Mrs. Rogers was to Mabel's mamma during her last sickness, and how good she was to Mab and Floyd."

"Well," said Kate, "she was paid for it."

"Of course," assented Will; "but she was n't paid to take Mab's impudence."

"I hope, Kate, that you will say or do nothing to influence Mabel against her stepmother; for if ever a family needed a firm hand, Mr. Ross's family does."

"You are just right, mamma," said Will, as he left the room, while Kate, looking somewhat conscience-stricken, took up a book.

Meanwhile, Mabel Ross was sitting in one of the great west windows, facing the main street, on which Mr. Ross's handsome house stood, occasionally glancing anxiously at the little marble clock, while now and then she spoke sharply to little Floyd, who was teasing little dog Tiger, and at the same time rather greedily eating an orange.

"Be quiet, Floyd, or I'll have to box your ears," said Mabel for the third time.

"No, you won't, Mab; if you do, I'll call her 'mamma.'"

"Well," replied Mabel, calmly, "call her 'mamma,' but go to bed by yourself hereafter. I won't bother with such a naughty boy."

"Oh, I'll get her to sit with me. Maybe she'll tell me stories, like Willie Brown's mamma does."

Just then the little dog received a tweak he could not endure, and, with a sharp bark, he jumped across the table, upset the ink, and turned over a tumbler of water.

Mabel immediately administered the threatened "box," just as a carriage rolled rapidly up to the door, followed by a sharp ring. Mab, looking somewhat ashamed, tried to pacify Floyd, who, though he manfully repressed his tears, stoutly declared his intention of calling her "mamma."

The door opened, admitting Mr. and Mrs. Ross.

Mabel, with unusual self-possession for a girl of fifteen, advanced, and coldly, but politely, greeted her stepmother.

Floyd, looking flushed and resentful, walked up to Mrs. Ross and said, "I'm glad to see you, mamma," and glanced slyly at Mabel.

Mrs. Ross colored with pleasure, while she warmly embraced him, and drew him to a seat near the fire.

Mabel, looking cold and haughty, took her place on the other side, and had not a word to say, while Floyd prattled on ceaselessly. Mrs. Ross took no notice of Mabel, having been prepared for her reception.

"Julia," Mr. Ross had said to her, "Mabel will be hard to win, but you may be sure of Floyd."

They gathered round the table five minutes later; and Mrs. Ross conversed so charmingly, and afterward played so beautifully on the piano, Mabel's favorite instrument, that she was fast thawing out of the stiffness and coldness which made her appear anything but the sensible girl she was. But, alas! at bed-time the forked lightning began to play. Nurse came for Floyd at eight o'clock; but the new mamma pleaded for one more half-hour.

"We are just getting acquainted," she said, looking round the little circle smilingly.

Mabel looked astonished.

"Of course, then, I can't sit with him," she said stiffly, while nurse waited with an impassive face.

Mrs. Ross looked puzzled.

"You see, mamma, Mab sits with me after nurse goes away," explained Floyd.

"Oh, well, then, I'll take her place to-night," said mamma, drawing him closer.

Mabel looked very black, and, without a word, went into the room beyond, and began her studies; for she was both ambitious and intelligent. Two hours later her stepmamma found her still at her books.

"You should not sit up so late, Mabel," she said, touching the glowing cheek, which paled at what she styled her stepmother's "familiarity."

Mrs. Ross soon won all hearts. Floyd told the boys that his new mamma was "sweet as anything," while the servants acknowledged their respect and love by a devotion which amazed their master, who stood somewhat in awe of the stately housekeeper, and never contradicted old "nursie," who was considered an oracle in the household. But Mabel remained cold, calling the new-comer "mamma," but with a bitterness openly expressed, and only at her papa's stern bidding.

"I will not have her slighted, Mab; and I cannot understand how you can wound so loving and gentle a being," he added sorrowfully.

But one dark, stormy day Mabel came home with a headache, which proved the precursor of a tedious spell of sickness. Mamma did all she could; but Mabel, even in her weakness, gave this sorely tried mother naught but cold politeness. After two weeks the trained nurse was dismissed, and mamma, despite Mabel's frown of displeasure, took her place. But Mabel was, in spite of pride, secretly charmed by the intelligence, the amiability, and the wonderful patience of "mamma."

One evening, toward four o'clock, the weary convalescent fell into a light slumber. Suddenly she awoke with a cry of "O mamma! mamma!"

Mrs. Ross sprang up with a glad look. She had not acknowledged, even to her own heart, how Mabel's coldness had wounded her. But when she reached the bed, Mabel was sobbing pitifully.

"Dear little daughter, won't you let me be your friend?"

"Oh," sobbed Mabel, "I was dreaming of mamma." Mrs. Ross turned pale. "I thought," continued the sobbing girl, "that she put her hand on your shoulder, and said, 'Mabel, be good to her; she once saved my life.'"

Mrs. Ross's eyes were full of tears. Drawing the now unresisting form of the girl to her breast, she said:—

"Mabel, I loved your mother very dearly. I did save her life. We were attending school at the Academy of W—. She was in her room, dressing for a party. The evening being quite warm, she had put on a white Swiss muslin dress. I was going to stay at home that evening, because of a slight headache, and was sitting in my room, which adjoined hers. She was standing before a mirror, and in reaching up to turn on a fuller jet of gas, the sleeve caught fire, and instantly she was in flames." Here Mabel shuddered, and crept closer to her mamma. "I rolled her in a large rug, but not before she threw her burning sleeve against my brow. You can see the scar yet," said Mrs. Ross, lifting the soft waves Mabel had thought so old-fashioned, and showing a large red scar.

After that, Mabel and her mamma had a long, sweet, confidential talk.

"Darling," she said to Mabel, later on, "I loved your father long ago; but I refused to leave my poor sick aunt, whom I had promised my dear mother to care for while she lived, and she lived five years after your father's first offer of marriage. He left me, bitterly hurt at what he thought my needless sacrifice. My cross was heavy; for I had to battle with my loneliness, and at the same time to feel that I was wounding him. But when your dear mamma died, and you were left so lonely, I felt there was no longer any need to sacrifice my happiness."

Mabel, for answer, threw both arms around her neck.

"Dear mamma," she whispered, "I loved you long ago, but I was too proud and too naughty to acknowledge it. Will you forgive me all my naughtiness?"

Mrs. Ross, with a sigh of content, drew her closer, and rested her cheek upon Mabel's bright hair. Papa, coming in a few minutes later with Floyd, exclaimed joyfully,—

"Now, thank God, I have my three most precious jewels bound with love's golden chain!"

For Every Other Sunday.

DOLLY'S MISHAP.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

FLOSSIE, coming down the stairs
With her dolly, let it fall;
Tumble, tumble, down it went,
Helter, skelter in the hall.

"Oh!" the little maiden cried,
Jumping after it so quick,
"Dolly, Dolly, have you died?
Dolly, Dolly, are you sick?"

And the dolly on the floor
Was all right, as she could see;
Flossie hugged and kissed her then,
Glad as any child could be:

"Oh! you little precious thing,
I your mamma am to blame,
But you'll love me, won't you, dear?—
Love and trust me just the same?"

And her doll with golden hair
Smiled on her with eyes of blue;
Safe and sound, she did n't care,
'T was an accident, she knew;

And a doll, like little child,
When it really has no loss,
Should be gentle, good, and mild,
Smile, and never once be cross!

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes. DISRAELI.

For Every Other Sunday.

OUR KITTEN.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

HERE is Speckle, our black-and-white kitten, with her curly tail. First she jumps upon the sofa, then upon the table, and then to my brother's shoulders, watching him reading. She looks as if she were trying to read and understand it as well as my brother. When he lays his book down, and takes up his pencil to write, she is there beside him, watching every move of his pencil, until she hears the sound of a marble rolling on the floor in the next room. Strange to say, this kitten is very fond of playing marbles. She picks them up from my little brother, and carries them off in her mouth, and tries her best to hide them. If she cannot find a place suitable, she will lie right down, looking as if she were satisfied with the part she had taken in the play.

This funny little kitten is the most fortunate of a family of four. The other three were very much disabled; they had but two legs each and no tails.

Speckle has been sick for two weeks, and we were all so anxious about her, as mamma had said she feared we would have to put our pet away, lest there might be danger in her disease. But we all pleaded so hard that mamma consented to allow her to remain a little while; and the joyful result was that she is now entirely better, and as playful as she ever was before.

KATIE M. NEWMAN (eleven years old).

For Every Other Sunday.

A MERRY DAY IN THE OLD GROVE.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

ONE fine day in the month of May, a merry party of ten girls was going to spend a happy day in the woods. They started about ten o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the picnic ground at about half-past ten or eleven.

While they rest in the shade of an old oak, let us look at these girls. As I told you before, there were ten of them. Their ages varied from twelve to fifteen; Maude was the oldest, and Vera the youngest.

The location of their ground was very fine indeed. To the north rose hills, to the south waved green corn, to the east flowed the river, and on the west was a flat green prairie.

The hills suggested to them a pastime. You may know what the pastime was, but nevertheless I will tell you; it was running up and down hill. They amused themselves in this way until time for dinner. They were all very hungry; and they liberally partook of cold beef, pickles, cheese, celery, Saratoga chips, and many other things.

After they were refreshed by dinner, they were pleasantly entertained for a while by some music which came from across the river. Then after this they waded in the river.

When they were wading there was one drawback to their happiness: Vera slipped on the stones at the bottom of the river, and fell. This greatly frightened all the others; but Maude had the presence of mind to rush up and catch Vera. She and Vera were both wet, and they were petted and hugged by all the members of the party. You see, at the risk of Maude's life Vera was saved.

After the two "water babies" were dry, the party decided to hunt for flowers, and then return home. They found daisies, buttercups, wild forget-me-nots, and blue violets. As the sun was now getting far in the west, they decided to return home, satisfied with their day's outing.

KATHERINE C. WHITE.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sineews of character, and one of the best instruments of success. Without it, genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies. CHESTERFIELD.

For Every Other Sunday.

LOVE BEGINS AT HOME.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

"Love begins at home" is what I wish to express in this little composition. I know of homes in which the parents have sown the seed of love in each little child's heart with a love, self-sacrifice, and patience that only good parents can have. A baby just learning to laugh and understand when it is being spoken to will crow with delight when its little sister and brother are clapping their hands and doing all sorts of other things to amuse it. Then they ask for a kiss. That the baby always understands, and lifts its rosy little mouth to give what it loves to give, and what they all like best to receive from it. In this and better ways the children among one another, influenced first of all by the great and crowning love of the parents, help each other day by day to nourish and strengthen what was at first a little seed in their hearts, to make it grow, grow, grow, until it becomes a tree, and feels as though its branches needed more space to spread in than in its own home. So the owner lets it spread, grow wider and wider, and drops its fruit with the seed into many sore and hungry hearts, in which the seeds take root again, and grow into a tree that bears good fruit.

I do not think there can be a home without love in it. If there were such a thing, it would be but a dwelling-place, not a real home. A home does not always mean a nice, comfortable house with a family of children and kind parents. No, there can be a home in the most rickety shanty where there are no parents. An old aunt, poor in money, rich in love, lived in this shanty with her little nephew, in whose heart she had sown a seed which freely took root under her loving care, and grew. In a dwelling-place where there is love there is home, for love and home are companions. Love constantly sows its seeds, and spreads its substance wherever it is accepted.

BLANCH WILLI.



EDITOR'S CHAIR.

If there is any one who loves the pond-lilies, loves to see them, gather them, and give them away, that individual is the Editor. Therefore he rejoices in the picture on the first page, which shows how Fanchie and Adelbert are having a good time on Lily Pond. Fanchie has lost her hat overboard; but a summer straw is all the cooler for a little wetting.

The Editor was very near Niagara Falls not many days ago, as he journeyed toward Chicago. In his sleeping-car slumbers he dreamed of the roar and spray and rushing torrents. To think that men in barrels have gone over those falls and lived!

Yes, the Editor has been to Chicago; found EVERY OTHER SUNDAY there, too; and was delighted to see a kindergarten in the church where he preached, held during service, just to relieve mothers who wanted to hear the sermon.

BOOK-TABLE.

THE SUPPLY at ST. AGATHA'S. This is a dainty volume, tastefully sent forth in attractive form by the printer, binder, and engraver. The author is Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward; and she tells the story of what occurred at a very fashionable church in a well-known city. This church, the author declares, "accepts, conforms, and prospers;" but on a particular Sunday an unknown preacher appeared, who swept the congregation as by fire. He appeared mysteriously, and vanished in the same way. The story is realistic in some senses, and allegorical in other aspects. The church was filled at the second service with the poor, the tattered, and the wretched, together with the customary rich and prosperous parishioners. The day was memorable; and what led up to it is told in a fascinating way by Mrs. Ward. The whole story is really a history of what the Holy Spirit can do in our day when the right messenger appears.

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. pp. 38. Price, \$1.00.)

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS. We have in this book, by Henry Rawlings, M.A., some very sensible and helpful suggestions. The author quite truly says, in the beginning of his preface, "What to teach is, as a rule, more easily learned by Sunday-School teachers than how to teach." Everything is stated in a very compact, direct way. There are ten chapters, and they treat the following subjects: "The Open Secret," "Discipline: Its Place in the Sunday School," "Discipline: Postponing and Shirking It," "Discipline: Naturalness," "Discipline: The Inward Appeal," "Discipline: Miscellaneous Suggestions," "The Superintendent,"

"Teaching by Questioning," "A Sample Lesson," and "On making Lessons Easy and Interesting." One valuable feature in the book is the comparison which the author makes between the ordinary day-school instruction and the Sunday-School course of teaching. We commend this book to those Sunday-School teachers who are thoughtfully and earnestly seeking success.

(London: B. C. Hare, 4 Essex Street, Strand, W. C. Flexible covers. pp. 83. Price, 20 cents. Copies can be ordered from the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.)

LETTER-BOX.

LAWRENCE, KAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — Ever since I read "Black Beauty," and especially since reading "Beautiful Joe," I have wanted to form a Band of Mercy. Papa is superintendent of the Sunday School; and when he proposed a "mercy Sunday," the children were delighted. We chose the second Sunday in March. There were poems recited, but a good many more stories told, about birds, dogs, cats, cows, and elephants. The tiny children gave kindergarten recitations, which was very interesting. There was so much that only half the stories were told when we had to go home, so we continued the exercises the next Sunday. I told a story, which I found in the "Woman's Journal," about some boys who sent a nice dog into a hornet's nest; the hornets stung the dog, but he ran to the boys, and the hornets stung them nicely. The grown people, too, had a good many anecdotes to tell. I was very glad to see that so much interest was taken in the subject. We circulated papers with the Band of Mercy pledge, which more than thirty people signed. The infant class is studying the Mother Nature leaflets, the class in which I am studying the Life of Jesus, while the grown people are studying the New Testament. The Sunday School found out that papa's birthday came on Easter Sunday, and they surprised him with a present of two beautiful rose-bushes. With love from all,

Your little friend,

CONSTANCE CARRUTH.

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR, — I am twelve years old, and I love to read the stories in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY; they do me a great deal of good. I don't suppose you ever get letters from California, so I thought I would write you one. San Rafael is quite near San Francisco, and I go there sometimes. We hardly ever have snow here, — perhaps once in four or five years. Last winter we had a snow-shower, but it did not last long. I hope I will see my letter published. It is quite long now, so I will stop.

Your loving reader,

MAEEL DODGE.

GENEVA, ILL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — We thought you would like to know how much some of us liked the picture, in No. 17, of "The Shepherdess," by the French painter, Jean François Millet, and so I am writing to you what our Sunday-School superintendent did. A lady had loaned an engraving of it to the public library; and he pinned a copy of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY near, so that all could read about it, and I think many persons have done so. My mamma thinks the picture articles you have are very instructive. Yours respectfully,

ROSALIE WESTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR, — For several years I have attended the Pilgrim Sunday School of the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco. I enjoy reading the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and I especially take pleasure in working out the puzzles. I send herewith an enigma, which I hope you will be kind enough to publish in the paper.

Yours truly,

FANNY D. B.

MISSING-WORD PUZZLE.

THE blank spaces are to be filled by one word of four letters, the letters being transposed to suit each case.

I — some boys with —

For bugs for my collection,

And what they brought me back

Were n't far short of perfection.

But, coming through the woods,
They robbed the — of a wren;
— of dollars I would give
To have it whole again.

E. P. P.

ANAGRAM.

OWH thod eth tlelt shyn ebe
Rimpoev eahe nhisgni rhou.

SARAH IRENE OLIVER.

ENIGMA XLII.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters.

My 12, 14, 15, 17, 22, is a domestic animal.

My 2, 15, 16, 8, 11, 9, is a California fruit.

My 5, 9, 16, is a plant that grows in China.

My 15, 2, 21, 22, is a well-known flower.

My 1, 10, 3, 4, is the opposite of die.

My 24, 22, 4, 23, is how blind people read.

My 6, 16, 7, is what a horse eats.

My 19, 2, 18, is not cold.

My 13, 16, 20, is a body of water by the Golden Gate.

My whole is in the New Testament.

LULU ROBERTS.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I AM composed of seventeen letters.

My 14, 15, 16, 4, is the cry of a night bird.

My 1, 8, 3, 16, 2, is one name for our country.

My 5, 10, 13, 14, 4, is a kind of sailing-vessel.

My 12, 17, 10, 11, 6, means destroys.

My 9, 7, 2, is to urge the payment of a debt.

My whole is the name given to several bands of happy children.

CHANNIE V. PARKER.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A CONSONANT. A metal. A wild animal. Used in fishing. A consonant. C. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 19.

Enigma XXXVI. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Enigma XXXVII. A barking dog never bites.

Enigma XXXVIII. The Village Blacksmith.

Anagram. Suffer little children to come unto me.

SCRIPTURE SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. The tribe of Asher (Deut. xxxiii. 24); the patriarch Job (Job xxix. 6).

2. Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. i. 23); on the mountains of Gilboa, in battle with the Philistines (1 Sam. xxxi. 1-6).

The creed of the true saint is to make the best of life, and make the most of it.

CHAPIN.

LADIES' COMMISSION. — The annual lists of the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-School Books are ready, and may be obtained by application to the Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street. Supplementary lists will be published from time to time in this paper. The commission is making a special effort to increase the usefulness of its work, and it earnestly requests the co-operation of the ministers and Sunday-School superintendents in placing the lists.

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